

The Musical World.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Madlle. PICCOLINI.—GRAND EXTRA NIGHT, on Thursday next, June 26th, when will be performed a FAVOURITE OPERA, in which Madlle. Piccolini will appear. On Friday, June 27, 1856, for the Benefit of Madlle. Marie Taglioni, when will be presented Donizetti's Opera, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. Marie, Madlle. Piccolini. To conclude with the Divertissement, entitled LA BOUQUETIERE, in which Madlle. Marie Taglioni will appear. Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT LIND.—Exeter Hall.—LAST AND FAREWELL CONCERTS.—Wednesday Evening next, June 25, Haydn's Oratorio, "THE CREATION." Principal Singers—Madame Goldschmidt, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss. Conductor—Mr. Benedict. And Monday Evening, June 30, Grand Miscellaneous Concert, with full band and chorus, being the last concert which will be given by Madame Goldschmidt in this country. Reserved and numbered seats, one guinea; unreserved seats (west gallery and body of the hall, 10s. 6d.; area (under west gallery), 7s. Applications for tickets received by Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street. The tickets for the two last Concerts will be sent by post, or delivered for the 25th on the 20th, and for the 30th on the 26th June.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND HORTICULTURAL FETE.—The SECOND FLOWER SHOW of the present Season will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 25th and 26th instant.—On Wednesday, the 25th, the doors will be opened at Twelve o'clock. Admission by Season Tickets, or by payment of 7s. 6d.; Children under twelve, 3s. 6d.—On Thursday, the 26th, the doors will be opened at Ten. Admission by Season Tickets, or by payment of 2s. 6d.; Children under twelve, 1s. For the accommodation of Gardeners a Special Train will leave London Bridge Station at Six o'clock, a.m. on Wednesday, the 25th. Trains will run from London Bridge at frequent intervals. Tickets of admission, including conveyance by Railway, may be obtained previously, at the London-bridge Terminus; at the several Agents of the Brighton Company; and at the Company's Offices, 43, Regent-circus, Piccadilly. June 20, 1856.

MADAME ENDERSOHN begs to inform the Nobility, her Patrons, Friends, and the Public, that her GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, announced for the evening of Monday, the 18th of June, will take place, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on the night of Friday, the 4th of July. The élite of the magnificent bands of both her Majesty's Theatre, and of the Royal Italian Opera, together with several artists of the greatest eminence, of both Opera, and numerous other vocal and instrumental performers have been engaged. Commence at Eight o'clock. Unreserved seats, 2s.; reserved seats, 6s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets to be obtained at Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street; Messrs. Chappell's, 56, New Bond-street; Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.'s, 6, New Burdett-street; Messrs. Ewer and Co.'s, 390, Oxford-street; Messrs. Keith, Frowse and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; at all the libraries and music-sellers; also of Mr. Hargrave Jennings (Boyle's Court Guide-office), 120, Pall-mall; and at the residence of Madame Endersohn, 5, Walton Villas, Brompton.

MUSICAL UNION.—DIRECTOR'S GRAND MATINEE, TUESDAY, June 21.—To commence at Three. Doors open at half-past Two.—Quartet in G, No. 37, Haydn; Duet, Piano and Violoncello, in D, Op. 58, Mendelssohn; Sceptet, in E flat, Op. 20, Beethoven. First Violin, Sivori; Violoncello, Platti; Pianist, Madame Schumann (her last time); Vocalist, Madame Viardot, who will be accompanied by Madame Schumann in Schubert's song, "The Earl King." Solos by Chopin and Thalberg, by Signor Andreoli, his first time. All free admissions suspended, Hon. Members' tickets excepted. Additional accommodation will be provided for visitors. For further particulars, vide programmes. J. ELLA, Director.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Hanover-square Rooms.—The LAST CONCERT of the season will take place on Saturday morning, June 23. Beethoven's Grand Choral Symphony, No. 9, will be given. Vocalists—Madlle. E. Krall and Miss Dobby. Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon. Tickets 10s. and 6s., to be had only of Mr. Olivier, 19, Old Bond-street.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will give a SOIREE MUSICALE at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, July 2, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock, on which occasion she will be assisted by Mr. Sims Reeves and Mons. Sainton. Miss A. Goddard will perform, amongst other pieces, the Grand Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, of Beethoven. Tickets, half-a-guinea, to be had at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; and of Miss A. Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Miss Binfield Williams' Concert will take place on Thursday evening, June 26th. Vocalists—Mad. Rundersdorf, Mad. Bassano, Herr von der Osten, Herr Rokitanaki. Pianoforte—Miss Binfield Williams (pupil of M. Benedict). Violin—Herr Melique. Violoncello—Sir. Platti. Concertina—Signor Giulio Regondi. Conductor—M. Benedict. Tickets, 7s. Family Tickets, to admit four, £1 1s., to be had at the principal Music Warehouses, and of Miss Binfield Williams, 38, Charlotte-street, Portland-place. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., to be had only of Miss Binfield Williams.

MR. FRANCESCO BERGER begs to announce that his Second MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on Wednesday, June 25, 1856, at the Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley-street, commencing at half-past Two o'clock, on which occasion several of Mr. Berger's newest compositions will be introduced. Vocalists—Miss Messert, Miss Palmer, Herr Rokitanaki, and Herr Reichardt. Violin, Herr Louis Ries; Piano-organ, M. Louis Engel; Pianoforte, Mr. Francesco Berger; Accompanist, Signor A. Raudigger. Tickets to be had of Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street; and of Mr. Francesco Berger, 36, Thurlow-square, Brompton.

BRADFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1856.—Under the especial patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, K.G., His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., etc. etc. President—The Right Honourable the Earl of Harwood. The Festival will be held in St. George's Hall, Tuesday, August 26, Wednesday, 27, Thursday, 28, and Friday, 29. Conductor—Mr. Costa. Chairman—Samuel Smith, Esq. Secretary—Mr. Charles Olivier. Committee Room, St. George's-hall, Bradford.

MR. HENRY BOHRER has the honour to announce that he will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT at the Hanover-square Rooms on Friday, June 27. To commence at half-past 8 o'clock. On which occasion he will be assisted by—Vocalists, Madame Viardot and Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists—pianoforte. Mr. Henry Bohrer; violin, Herr Ernst; the Orchestral Union, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon. Pianist accompanist, Mr. Osborne. Numbered stalls, 10s. 6d. each; tickets, 7s. each—to be obtained of Mr. Henry Bohrer, 24, Welbeck-street; and at the principal music warehouses.

HERR CARL DEICHMANN has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday evening, June 28, 1856, at 8 o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Madlle. Emilie Krall, Madlle. Matilde Hartmann, Miss Stabiasch, and Herr Rokitanaki. Instrumentalists—piano, Mad. Clara Schumann; violin, Messrs. Deichmann and L. Ries; viola, Mons. Goffrie; violoncello, Mons. Pague. Conductors—Messrs. G. Russell and W. G. Cousins. Reserved seats half-a-guinea, tickets 7s. each, to be had at the principal music warehouses, and of Herr Carl Deichmann, 15, Somerset-street, Portman-square.

MADLE LOUISE CHRISTINE has the honour to announce, that her MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on Saturday, the 28th of June, at her residence, 3, Eaton-square, under the immediate patronage of—

Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland.
Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington.
The Dowager Marchioness of Ely.
The Marchioness of Drogheda.
The Lady Emily Foley.
The Lady Louisa Douglas Pennant.
The Countess of Clarendon.
The Countess of Elgin and Kincardine.
The Countess Dowager of Essex.
The Countess of Dunraven.
The Lady Cecilia De Vaux.
Lady Charles Somerset.
The Lady Mary C. N. Hamilton.
The Lady Elizabeth Duncan.
The Lady Harriet Ramsden.
The Lady Catherine Whible.
Lady Robert Grosvenor.
The Hon. Mrs. Ferguson (of Pitfour).
Lady Douglas.
Lady Wetherall Warneford.
Lady Flower.
Lady Dillon.
Mrs. Dudley Perceval.
Mrs. Montague P. Russell.

To commence at three o'clock precisely. Tickets, one guinea, to be had of Jullien and Co., 214, Regent-street.

MR. BOLEYNE REEVES has the honour to announce that his **SOIRÉE MUSICALE** will take place on Tuesday next, by the kind permission of Mrs. Warner, at her residence, 49, Grosvenor-place, commencing at 9 o'clock precisely. Vocalists:—Mdlle. Emilie Krall (from the Royal Opera, Dresden), Mdlle. Corelli, and Miss Lascelles, Signor Marras and Signor Mouari. Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Mdlle. Gitschl and Herr Tedesco; harp, Mr. Boleyne Reeves, concertino, Signor Giulio Regondi. Conductors—Signor Campana, Herr Lehmayr, and Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Tickets to be had of Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street; R. W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond-street; the principal music-sellers; and of Mr. Reeves, 37, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square.

OLD CHORISTERS' GATHERING.—The first anniversary meeting will take place on Tuesday, July 1st, 1856. Programme for the day. The performing members to meet in the Jerusalem Chamber, Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, at half-past 9 o'clock. The service in the Abbey to commence at 10. Mr. Trule will preside at the organ. The meeting to proceed from Westminster Bridge, Middlesex side, by steam-boat, at 12 o'clock, to London Bridge, and leave the London Bridge Railway Station for the Crystal Palace at 12.40. The members to assemble at the Crystal Fountain at a quarter to 4, and then proceed to dinner. Mr. Goss has kindly consented to take the chair at 4 precisely.

178, Cambridge Street, Pimlico.

ROBERT BARNBY, Secretary.

HERR CARL A. LAUE, Violoncellist and Professor of the Cither (from Stuttgart), begs to announce to his Friends and Pupils, that he has arrived in London for the season. All communications to be addressed to his residence, 17, Woburn-place, Russell-square, where also this fashionable and elegant instrument, the Cither, and a complete theoretical and practical Cither-School, by Herr Carl A. Laue, is to be had.

MR. DARLTON, late Pianist to the Crystal Palace Company, begs to announce that he is now open to receive an engagement for a Series of Concerts, or any other entertainments for which a pianoforte performance is required. A permanent situation would not be objected to. Address to Mr. Darlton, care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 181B, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 50 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 50 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

TO PROFESSORS OF MUSIC.—TO LET, the Private Part of No. 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, being a new and splendidly-built House, with stone stairs, plate-glass windows, and oak frames and mouldings, and finished throughout in the very best style, situate in the best part of Holles-street, with a view of two Squares, and within a few yards of Regent-street and Oxford-street. The ground-floor is occupied by Boosey and Sons' Music Warehouse. Application to be made at the premises.

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PIANOFORTES.—**Allison** and **Allison** have the best description, in rosewood, from 26 guineas.—75, Dean-street, Soho.

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POLYGRAPHIC HALL, KING WILLIAM STREET.—There is an old story told of a person who once boasted of the length of time he had possessed his umbrella, in the enduring qualities of which he took much pride. On being questioned, however, it appeared that he had first had a new handle, then a new stem, then fresh ribs, afterwards fresh silk—or alpaca, we can't say, with certainty, which—and lastly, a second ferule put to his much-beloved umbrella. This is pretty much the case with Mr. Woodin's "Olio of Oddities." The title is the same as when the entertainment was produced, we are afraid to say how many years ago, but almost everything else is different. Mr. Woodin is determined never to let the grass grow underneath his feet. There is not a novelty brought before the public, but it is immediately taken off by the Proteus of King William Street, with what success the constant popularity which the "Olio" enjoys proves most convincingly. Among Mr. Woodin's latest additions are his imitations of Rachel and Mrs. Florence, both excellent, and a "Loco-joco-motive Lyric," entitled, "Off by the Train." In the short space of fifteen minutes, the audience are surprised by some thirty changes, facial, lingual, and corporeal—all distinct from each other, and photographs of Nature.

BEETHOVEN:*

AN ART-STUDY,

BY WILHELM VON LENZ,

Imperial Russian Councillor of State.

"Our earth is only a star among the stars, and should not we, upon it, prepare ourselves by it for the contemplation of the universe and its Creator and Master?"—CARL RITTER.

FIRST PART.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

"Art is a *Fata Morgana* of Life."

FROM time to time, but mostly only at long intervals, there appears in the history of the development of mankind some spirit or other which commences by uniting in itself the Past and the Present of an art, afterwards becoming its Future, and conducting it into new paths.

Such a spirit was Ludwig van Beethoven.

Just as in the endless space surrounding our earth, the worlds revolving in it appear either as single stars, or are heaped together in constellations, so did the great German asterism Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven shine on the eighteenth, and determine the nineteenth century.

Of these three, and the last of the number, a star of the first magnitude, never previously observed, and never yet satisfactorily measured in instrumental music, was Ludwig van Beethoven. This bold spirit waves the oriflamme of the orchestra, and is, in the history of human mental activity, the standard-bearer of instrumental music in its collective sense. Haydn and Mozart may be regarded as his predecessors in the long course of development extending from the childish overtures of Händel, otherwise so great, up to Beethoven's symphony with chorus. History records births and deaths, but not the sources of mental emotions; it still remains an unsolved riddle, how life penetrates the man, while he is becoming one, and under what conditions the spiritual spark, springing from infinity, grows up to be a nourishing flame in the favoured individual.

The creations of an artist are the true stations of his life. How many of the ideas—the principles of an ideal legislation—fashioning the sphere of the human feelings, live in the language of Beethoven! How many pulsations of his noble heart have passed into his notes! These are, therefore, more than mere notes; they are the expression of his life, of his artistic martyrdom, and of the treasure of ideas which he presented to the world! To decipher these cuneated characters; to develop the meaning of these black pencil-marks, and their importance for all times, all classes, and all conditions: this is our task. Let us, in the following lines, dwell upon the man and his fortunes.

Ludwig van Beethoven, born at Bonn, on the Rhine, the 17th December, 1770, was the eldest of the three sons of a poor musician, remotely of Dutch extraction, and recompensed his father for the ambiguous gift of a life of poverty, by raising his obscure name in his own person to one of the most celebrated in the annals of human intellectual greatness. The father of the poet who composed immortal symphonies was a mediocre singer (vocalist) in the chapel of the Elector Max-Franz, brother of the Emperor Joseph, Mozart's generous *Mecenas*. Like his Imperial brother, and all the children of Maria Theresa, the Elector was a sensible friend of *that art*, for which he was destined to gain a Beethoven.

Beethoven was hardly seven years of age before his father determined on bringing him up as a musician. The old maxim, so often entailing misery, that, in social life, the son should tread in the footsteps of his father, was the salvation of Beethoven, for it "snatched him to on high!" The future creator of the *Sinfonia Eroica* took up his quarters in the garret of the modest gabled house situated in the Bonn-Strasse, and resembling that in which Mozart was born at Salzburg, more than the overture to *Die Zauberflöte* resembles that to *Coriolanus*. Here, close under

the roof, among heaps of dusty books and the yellow piles of his father's music, containing more dust than talent, the boy practised on the fiddle put into his hands. His only companion was an enormous garden-spider, of such a musical turn, that it immediately left its lurking-place as often as it heard the boy, selected for such great things, begin to play, letting itself down by the threads of its web upon the fiddle of the garret-virtuoso. The latter, however, dreaded the ugly creature as little as he dreaded, thirty years later, swearing a solemn oath not to take vengeance in the celebrated violin concerto in D major (see Op. 61 in the Catalogue) on the unmeaning concerto-style which had come into vogue for the violin. On the contrary, the child grew very fond of the spider. But this was not destined to last. His mother, unacquainted with the insect and his love for her son, killed it in the absence of the garret-virtuoso. Such was the doom of his first love. Whether the creature was musical, or, more probably, not musical, Quatremère Disjonval, who relates the fact in his *Araucology*, does not decide. Beethoven, when questioned in later days about the circumstance, either denied it, or answered, "He *scrapped* so wretchedly at the period in question, that he was more likely to drive away the whole animal creation than to entice it." Beethoven hated everything approaching "sensibility," and it was precisely on this account that he was able, in the mystical language of his music, to speak so eloquently to the more refined but *true* feelings of the human heart.

The first important event in the life of the little fiddler was his acquaintance with the Von Breunings, a patrician family, then settled at Bonn, and consisting of the widow of Herr von Breuning, Hofrath of the Elector of Cologne, her three sons, who were of Beethoven's own age, and a daughter. Who does not know the importance of the first impressions of childhood and their retroaction on the man within us? In the house of the Breunings, the boy received the first poetical impressions, which, for a *child*, consist principally in the difference between riches and poverty. In the Breuning family everything was different from what it was in the paternal house, and this relative affluence easily transported, in the eyes of the gifted boy, the narrowly circumscribed limits of his father's hearth to that land of fancy where life flows naturally and more happily on, arrested by nothing, and is not an hourly struggle with want.

Is it possible that the boy, as he sat still and reflective among the Breunings, who must have struck him as especially grand people, already dreamed of the great realm of tone, of the India, in which he was destined to hold his "Alexander progresses!" Frau von Breuning, who loved him from her heart, exercised an influence even over the *stubborn* youth. But if she endeavoured to persuade him to go and give a lesson in the house of Count Westphal, which was opposite her own, he would go as far as the house indeed, because he knew he was observed, but as frequently turn back with the excuse, that on the following day he would give *two* lessons, but that for the time being it was impossible for him to give one.

The happy days of an unclouded childhood in Bonn were for Beethoven what the sweetly rapturous *larghetto* of his second symphony afterwards became for the world, an unclouded, because unconscious bliss. Their little neighbour, destined to become so great, of the Bonn-Strasse, was soon the favourite of the Breuning family, who, indeed, often kept him all night, an act, which, according to German ideas, if not according to German law, is equivalent to adoption.

Providence watched over the soul of him who was to relate the Pastoral Symphony to mankind! In the house of the noble-minded Breunings, whose education and mental tendencies could not fail to act excitingly on him, where Schiller and Goethe were the household gods, Beethoven learned to appreciate himself, and dreamed his first happy dreams of honour. From that time forth, a *convincing* belief in his innate genius never left him. He estimated himself and his own value all through his life. Speaking of himself in the year 1810, he said, "I know that, in my art, God is nearer to me than to others; and I am not the least anxious about my music, which has nothing to fear; whoever understands *that*, must be free from all the wretchedness with which others are burthened."

* Translated expressly for the *Musical World* by JOHN V. BRIDGEMAN.

The hero of the family, also a Beethoven, however improbable it may appear that there could ever be more than one, was the grandfather of the boy on the father's side, and, like him, named Ludwig. Capellmeister at Bonn, and an excellent bass-singer, this grandfather had been successful in the singing-pieces of the day, *L'Amore Artigiano*, and *Le Déserteur* of Montigny. Who can say whether this first, and distant connection with the theatre was without influence on the future composer of *Fidelio*? The boy felt an especial partiality for his grandfather, and whenever his mother, formerly a Miss Kewerich of Ehrenbreitstein, and, by her first marriage, widow of Herr Laym, valet of the Elector, wished to give him an especial treat, she told him some story about his grandfather, who was far from imagining that the composer of the *Déserteur* would, at some future time, hold the same relative position to the youngster that a dish of mushrooms does to a forest of cedars. The mighty and heavenly-gifted creator of *Fidelio*, above which we can place no work except *Don Juan*, received his first instruction from his father, a man little distinguished either intellectually or morally, who was very severe with him, and understood but little of music. In this particular, there was a material difference in the case of the more fortunate Mozart; the latter's father, an especially well educated man for his time and position, being a fatherly father, and the model of all musical fathers. Good luck, however, outweighs tons of the most deserving merit. There was only one thing in common between these very different fathers of two extraordinary sons—the genius of the latter must have caused them both great embarrassment. Beethoven's father was succeeded, as a master, by Herr Pfeiffer, musical director and hautboist, to whom his strange pupil, after he had become the master of masters, maintained he was under great obligations. The fact of Pfeiffer's being a musical director and hautboist is a trait characteristic of the age; now-a-days a *wind-instrumentalist* is no longer a *director*! The court organist, Van der Eider, also a *Van*, but nothing more, taught Beethoven the organ. The court organist Neefe exercised a less degree of influence on him. Beethoven used to complain of the severe manner in which he criticised his first essays in composition. Celebrated as Beethoven subsequently became as a pianoforte-player, his masters on that instrument are, fortunately for themselves, no doubt, up to this day unknown.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

NO. VI.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

(Concluded from p. 373.)

BALFE gave two concerts during his sojourn at St. Petersburg, at which Mesdames Medori, Viardot Garcia, Marai, and Demerit; Signors Mario, Tamberlik, Lablache, Debassini, Romani, &c., sang. The united receipts amounted to £1600. The Empress, with the Imperial family, attended, the concert taking place in the *Salle de la Noblesse*, graciously lent for the occasion. The programme of the two concerts was made up entirely of music from Balfé's operas. In addition to this regal favour, Balfé was appointed director and conductor of the Court concerts. In this capacity, he composed a *scherso* for the voice for Madame Viardot Garcia, which produced a great effect, and was invariably encored. Mario sang the popular song "When other lips," in Italian, and created a *furor*. The Italian words were supplied by no less a personage than the great tenor himself, who came out for the first time as a poet, and threw down the gauntlet to Bunn. We will not aver that Mario transferred all the subtle beauties and hidden meanings of the elder poet to the new tongue; he, however, made the verses euphonious, and gave them common sense, neither of which qualities they possessed in their English guise. Mario also translated into Italian the words of the pretty duet, "List, dearest, list," from *Keolanthe*, which he sang several times with Madame Medori.

The English composer, as a matter of course, became a lion in the city of Peter. He was engaged at all the nobilities' concerts, conducted most of the grand vocal entertainments in the city,

and was busied all day giving lessons in singing. He passed three evenings out of every week with the Grand Duke and Duchess Constantine, playing trios with them—the lady was an elegant pianist, and the duke handled the violoncello like a master—and composed several pieces for them, arranged for pianoforte and violoncello. Such was the life Balfé led at St. Petersburg; fêted, caressed, lionised, he combined pleasure with business, and turned amusement into profit.

Balfé quitted St. Petersburg in May, 1853. He intended to have returned the following year—indeed he had promised as much to the Empress, who expressed a strong desire that he would pay them a second visit—but the breaking out of the war prevented him. Therefore, instead of proceeding in the autumn to St. Petersburg, Balfé went to Vienna, and produced *Keolanthe* at the Imperial Theatre with decided success. The *Bohemian Girl* had already been played three hundred times in that city. He received an invitation, while at Vienna, to go to Trieste, whither he accordingly proceeded the following December, and brought out the *Bohemian Girl*, for the first time in Italian, with immense success. He was next engaged to bring out the *Bohemian Girl* at Bologna, which he accordingly did, and had the good fortune to secure Mdlle. Piccolomini to personate the heroine. The *Bohemian Girl* was also brought out at Brescia and Bergamo.

Somewhat wearied with his peregrinations, Balfé hurried off to the Lake of Como with his family, determined to pass a few months in quietude on the banks of that enchanting sheet of water. Here he composed his last opera, *Pittore e Duca*, which was produced at Trieste in the autumn of 1854, with a success by no means tantamount to Balfé's own expectation and that of the best judges, all of whom pronounced the new opera of Balfé his best work. Unfortunately, the *prima donna*, for whom the principal female part was written, was not able to accept the engagement offered to her, and the part was entrusted to an inferior artist and an old woman. The result may be imagined. Balfé withdrew the *Pittore e Duca* after a few representations, and vowed it should not again be performed, until there was some chance of the music being decently executed. He has kept his word up to the present moment, and the *Pittore e Duca* is still, in all respects, a new and untried opera.

Balfé, we understand, is at present engaged composing music for a new libretto, called *Lo Scudiero*.

Of the smaller works without number, which Balfé has written in the shape of songs, ballads, romances, duets, &c., it is needless to speak. Many of these have obtained great and deserved popularity, and have become, as it were, "household words" in musical homesteads. Nor need we allude to his last new publication—"Songs to Longfellow's Words"—which are fast making way into the favour of the public, and are among the most elegant and original compositions of the author. Balfé is still in the prime of life, and may yet give to the world many *chefs-d'œuvre*. His last works evidence greater care in construction, and a more thorough command of his musical resources, than those he composed in early life; while that facility and quickness, which formerly gained him so much celebrity, are as apparent as ever. May we not, therefore, reasonably expect that Balfé's best opera has yet to see the light.

Balfé has three children—two daughters and one son. His eldest daughter is married to a wealthy and highly respectable banker in Berlin. The youngest daughter, Victoria, has been studying some years for the stage. When the opening of her Majesty's Theatre was fixed upon this season, it was confidently anticipated that Mademoiselle Victoria Balfé would make her *début* at the Haymarket Opera. The cause, however, which prevented Balfé from resuming the command of the orchestra necessarily precluded his daughter from appearing at the theatre at present. From all we learn, and from what we know, we feel convinced that Mademoiselle Balfé, when she does appear—no matter at what theatre—is destined to create an unusual sensation in the musical world. We need not here descant upon the youth, beauty, and accomplishments of the fair artist, the details of which will find a fitting time and place; but we could not conclude a memoir of Balfé better and more graciously than by alluding to the great expectations founded on them.

THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF MOZART'S REQUIEM.

BY E. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL.

Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna

Translated expressly for the Musical World.

(Continued from page 356.)

I HAVE seen a "solemn declaration," in the handwriting of Herr von Nissen, in which he states that he conducted the affairs of Mozart's widow, afterwards his own wife, "with the most perfect independence;" and that, therefore, the entire responsibility of the management of her business fell upon him. From the same document it appears, however, that he first made the acquaintance of the widow towards the end of the year 1797, and, therefore, as Herr von Nissen assisted at the examination and cataloguing of Mozart's papers, this cannot have taken place, at the earliest, until six years after the composer's death. Who can tell what advantage Süßmayer took of these papers, during the long time they remained unknown, to enable him to complete the *Requiem*, which merit he claims entirely for himself?

The opinion of celebrated musicians as to the extent of his claim, may be gathered from what has been expressed upon the subject. In the criticism on Breitkopf and Härtel's edition of Mozart's *Requiem*, from the pen of one of our first musical judges, Herr Hofrath Rochlitz (in the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, volume iv.), the assumptions of Süßmayer's letter, though not flatly contradicted, owing to the well-known delicacy and kindness of the critic, are quoted in such a way that any one may infer how little claim the writer can have felt him to possess to the merit of the work. "That Mozart's setting of the *Requiem*, as Süßmayer says at the commencement of his celebrated letter, is unique, and could not be paralleled by any living composer, is the belief of the writer." And further, "That the whole did not proceed from Mozart's pen, is proved, amongst other things, by the occasionally very faulty instrumental accompaniment." Then the page and bar of several of these places are cited, amongst which examples are the consecutive fifths in the "Sanctus" already mentioned. "That a great part of the instrumentation may be attributable to Herr Süßmayer is very possible," it is said further on, "but the known productions of Herr Süßmayer subject his assumption of an important share in the composition of the *Requiem* to a very stringent criticism." After Herr Rochlitz has illustrated the beauties of each single movement, he comes to the consideration of those which Süßmayer claims to have "originally composed."

"Sanctus, etc.—A veritable 'Holy,' full of lofty simplicity, grandeur, and dignity. What mortal has more powerfully expressed the repose of the Infinite and His immeasurable plenitude than is here done by the C natural doubled in the unison? (p. 130, bar 3)." "Benedictus, etc.—On account of the easily appreciable melodies and harmonies prevailing throughout, one of the simplest, most pleasing, and most insinuating pieces, not only in the *Requiem*, but in the whole range of music. To signalise particular beauties above the rest, is, on account of the great unity of the whole, the almost unexampled similarity and equality of the single portions, the beautiful and manifold combinations and complications, not to speak of other qualities, impossible; one would quote this whole." "Agnus Dei, etc.—This chorus, too, contains several individually distinct beauties. The critic would particularly cite the noble, touching, longing expression of the following prayer for eternal rest, which occurs in several different keys."

Here the passage to the words "Dona eis Requiem" is quoted at length.

Would any one believe that after what he has expressed above, with regard to Süßmayer, the critic would consider compositions which he deemed worthy of such praise, to be the work of this author?

Herr A. B. Marx (*Berliner Musikalische Zeitung* 1825—378 and 379) expresses himself still more decidedly on the subject of Süßmayer's additional assumed compositions to the *Requiem*:—

"Where is there, throughout the *Requiem*, a movement that contains not some trace of Mozart's creative power? Let us instance the 'Agnus Dei,' a movement that Süßmayer ascribes entirely to himself. Who

would accredit him with the figure of the violins, the three phrases 'Dona eis Requiem?' If Mozart did not write these—well!—then he who wrote them is Mozart."

As regards the repetition at the end of the first movement and of the fugue, the opinion of Hofrath Rochlitz is elsewhere expressed in such a manner as to give no countenance to the supposition that Süßmayer's idea of giving thereby greater uniformity or unity to the work emanated from himself.

"At the repetition of the 'Requiem,' it is usual and quite in keeping, and was, moreover, most probably a part of Mozart's design to resume the first 'Requiem' abbreviated and with some slight modifications; and thus, if the recapitulation after this manner is not by himself, it is as he would have written it."

Thus the Abbé Stadler, who was intimately acquainted with nearly every work of Mozart, who was so imbued with the style and spirit of the master that three unfinished posthumous compositions by him (a brilliant minuet for pianoforte, a grand Kyrie, and a smaller *Fantasia* for pianoforte in C minor) were such that the most sharp-sighted connoisseurs could not guess them to be anything but works of Mozart; how this man, I say, could receive the assertions of Süßmayer's often-mentioned letter with trusting belief it is difficult to conceive. Certainly I must confess I have myself been led away by this widely circulated belief, always, however, with the reservation that Süßmayer had formed the three movements that he claims upon motivi that he discovered among Mozart's MSS. But my knowledge of Mozart's genius, boundless as my veneration for it is, was far inferior to that which my departed friend Stadler was proved to have possessed.

Besides the above-mentioned reasons against Süßmayer's claims to Mozart's *Requiem*, the following passage of a letter from the *Etats vénéraliens von Nissen* to the Abbé Stadler of the 31st May, 1827, will be of great weight.

"When he (Mozart) felt weak, Süßmayer often had to sing through what was written with him and myself, and thus he received formal instructions from Mozart. I still hear Mozart saying, as he often did, to Süßmayer, 'Ah, there stands the ox at the mountain again,—you are far from understanding that.' And then he would take the pen and write, what were, probably, the leading points."

And yet is it possible that Süßmayer should have completed this masterwork as we have known it for these forty years and as it stands in the MS. before us, that he should have created three of the chief pieces, and that the best cognoscenti—in spite of the belief of the majority that they were his—recognised them as Mozart's work.

However this may be, the score, acquired by the Imperial Court library, the only existing original score, is the same, from written copies of which the different printed editions have been taken; the same which after Mozart's death was delivered to the party who gave the commission for the work.

That this party was the Count Walsegg is now generally known; that the score was consigned to him as not only Mozart's own work, but as his own handwriting seems beyond a doubt; since, although he gave the commission with the understanding that he should retain the exclusive possession of the work, he took no steps to prevent or complain of its public performances here and in Leipzig in the year 1792 for the benefit of the composer's widow; but upon the report being spread that it was not entirely Mozart's own, and that it was about to be published, he commenced an action, through his advocate, D. Sootschan, an esteemed lawyer of this city. In consequence of this the conference took place between this gentleman, Herr von Nissen, and, at the widow's request, the Abbé Stadler, which he mentions several times in his writings and in the appendix to W. A. Mozart's biography by Nissen, page 170, in a note.

It is singular that Süßmayer, whose death did not take place until the year 1803, was not invited on this occasion; for he surely ought to have been able to give the most reliable testimony, of any one living, upon the subject. The strange whim of Count Walsegg, to bring forward the *Requiem* as his own work, proved by the copies upon the title-page, of which this is stated, scarcely lessens the merit of the gentle intention to commemorate by this work the obsequies of his departed wife, but

it entirely explains why the original score was so long kept secret.

The contentions as to the genuineness of the *Requiem* had either not reached as far as to the quiet rural retreat of the Count, upon his seat, *Stuppach*, or else he had no inclination to take a part in it.

Thus the MS. in question remained hidden from every eye until, in the year 1828, the Count Walsegg followed his beloved consort into a better world, whose death, thirty-seven years before, had called this *chef-d'œuvre* into existence.

After his decease, the MS. together with other music, passed into the hands of an amateur, who prized it too dearly to relinquish it, until at last it came by lawful inheritance into the possession of the gentleman from whom the Imperial Library has received it.

This library, therefore, possesses the original autograph score of the movements "Requiem" and "Kyrie" (leaf 1 till 10), as well as the original sketches of the "Dies iræ" until the "Hostias" inclusive (leaf 11 till 45). All in fact that exists of the dying strain of Mozart in his handwriting; what remains, if not from his pen, came, surely, by every principle of art, from his brain.

The whole has found a worthy resting-place in the magnificent sanctuary of sciences and arts where it now remains. Charles VI. not only a connoisseur and patron, but himself a master in that art, of which this work is the most exquisite production, looks down upon it from the centre of this temple of the muses, which himself erected. There it shines for all time as the highest example of its kind, an object of admiration to artists, and of study to such disciples of the art as do not hold the quickly fleeting praises of a vain and capricious public to be a compensation for the approval of the few and the honourable appreciation of a grateful posterity!

TRANSLATIONS FROM SCHUMANN.*

Concluded from our last.

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR.

Let the reader bring together and envelope in a slight catholic cloud of incense, the pictures of the Donau, the *Stephansturm*, and the distant Alpine range, and he will have a picture of Vienna itself, and, when once the charming landscape stands living before him, chords will be touched which otherwise would never have resounded within his breast. On hearing Schubert's symphony, and the clear, blooming, and romantic life it contains, the city rises up before me more plainly than ever, and it becomes once more perfectly evident to me how it is that such works can be produced in exactly such a place. I will not endeavour to give the symphony a folio, the different periods of age vary too much in their tastes, and the youth of eighteen often perceives in a piece of music an event affecting the entire world, where a man sees only an occurrence relating to a single country, while the musician has thought neither of the one nor the other, but simply gave his best music, the music he had in his heart. But that the external world, to-day brilliant and to-morrow gloomy, often penetrates the mind of the poet and musician, is a fact the reader must believe, as well as that more than simply beautiful song, more than mere grief and joy, such as music has already expressed in a hundred different ways, lies concealed in this symphony; nay, to grant that it leads us to a region where we cannot remember ever to have been, we have only to hear such a symphony. We find in it, besides masterly, technical musical skill of composition, life in every vein, the most delicate gradation of colouring, significance everywhere, and the sharpest expression of individual points, while, finally, diffused over the whole is the romantic hue we have previously met in Franz Schubert. And then the heavenly length of the symphony, like a thick novel in four volumes of Jean Paul, for instance, who also can never end, and that for the best reason,

in order to let the reader afterwards create for himself. How does this feeling of riches everywhere refresh us, while, with others, we have always to fear the end, and are so frequently grieved at being deceived. It would be impossible to imagine whence Schubert obtained such playful, brilliant, and masterly power of treating an orchestra, did we not know that this symphony was preceded by six others, and that he wrote it in the most mature vigour of manhood.* It must, at all events, be accounted an extraordinary instance of talent, that a man who, during his lifetime, heard so few of his instrumental works performed, should have been capable of treating so peculiarly the instruments, as well as the combined mass of the orchestra, so that they often sound like separate human voices and a chorus. This similarity with the human voice I have never met with, in so surprising and deceptive a degree, in the works of any other composer, except Beethoven's; it is exactly the reverse of Meyerbeer's treatment of the singing-voice. The perfect independence of the symphony, as far as Beethoven is concerned, affords another proof of its manly origin. Let the reader here remark how correctly and wisely Schubert's genius is displayed. Conscious of his more modest capabilities, he avoids any imitation of the grotesque forms and bold relations with which we meet in Beethoven's later compositions; he gives us a work of the most graceful form, and yet interwoven in a novel manner, never departing too far from the middle point, and always returning to it. Such must be the opinion of everyone who has frequently studied the symphony. In the commencement, it is true, its brilliant character, novelty of instrumentation, breadth of form, charming alternation of the life of the feelings, and the completely new world into which we are transported, must embarrass many a person, as the first glance at something unusual always does; but even then there still remains the agreeable feeling which we experience, for instance, after a tale of fairyland or magic; we are quite convinced that the composer was master of his story, and that the connection of one part with another will, in time, become clear to us. This sentiment of security is produced at the outset, by the gorgeously romantic introduction, although everything then appears enveloped in mystery. Completely new, too, is the transition from this to the *Allegro*; the tempo seems not to be at all altered, and we are landed, we know not how. To analyse the separate movements would gratify neither ourselves nor any one else; it would be necessary to transcribe the entire symphony to give an idea of the novel character pervading it. I cannot, however, part without a word from the second movement, which appeals to us with such touching tones. There occurs in it a passage—where a horn summons us as from the distance—which appears to me to have come from some other sphere. Every one listens in silence as if a heavenly spirit were stealing through the orchestra.

The symphony produced among us an effect produced by no work since those of Beethoven. Artists and amateurs united in its praise, and of the master, who had the work studied so carefully that the result was most magnificent, I heard some observations which I would fain have been able to convey to Schubert, as they would, probably, have caused him the greatest pleasure. It will be years, perhaps, before the symphony is firmly established in Germany, but there is no danger that it will be forgotten or neglected; it bears in itself the germ of eternal youth.

My visit to the churchyard, which reminded me of a relation of the deceased composer, rewarded me doubly; my first reward, I received on the day in question. I found upon Beethoven's grave—a steel pen, which I have religiously preserved. Only on festive occasions, like the present, do I use it; may what has flowed from it prove interesting to my readers.

* Written on the score are the words: "March, 1828." Schubert died in the November following.

* From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker*. Translated for the *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgeman.

VIENNA.—Rossini's opera of *Zelmira* has been revived, but without success. *Tant pis* for the Viennese and their musical appreciation. The execution was most likely very bad.

£11 REWARD.

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following passage, from the *Athenæum* "Ante—(page 752):—

"Like other late performances of that remarkable body of executants, it (*Elijah*) is carried through with a relish such as, twenty years ago, neither Pitt nor Pigott diamond could have purchased. The choruses and orchestra are as thoroughly at home in the music as they have long been in that of the *Messiah*; and, owing to the particular nature of Mendelssohn's work, which leads them into more perpetual antiphony to, and assistance of, the principal voices than happens in most oratorios:—the singers are spirited up by their spirit, and sing their best."

Whoever (say *Mr. Punch*) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially to the "Pitt and Pigott diamond" which couldn't "purchase the relish," and to "the perpetual antiphony to the principal voices," that "spirits up the singers by their spirit") shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement, together with half-a-pint of beer and coals.

£10,000 REWARD.

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following paragraph, from the London correspondence of the *Liverpool Albion* ("ante"—June 16):—

"Another theme, however, calls us from the further comment on these pages, a theme that to many an Albionite will be preferable to all talk about to-day's Cabinet Council, whereto is being concocted the Crampton-Dallas reply to Lord John for Monday; to Roebuck's galvanic resuscitation of the Administrative Reform corpse; and to all things of the kind; and that is the *début* to-night, at Her Majesty's Theatre, of the former Helen of operatic Troy, whose loves and hates wrought such woe on the contending hosts of Haymarket and Covent Garden. Listen to the story. The house was crowded in every part, dukes and countesses uncountable below, hair-dressers, sucking attorneys, dinnerless refugees, and all the nondescript alien gentility of Leicester-square and domesticated half-crown *dilettanti* of the metropolis, above. Every one would assist at the first night of the wonderful Wagner, for whom rival managers had contended as though the possession of her were equivalent to assured fortune. The magnificent building presented a superb spectacle, such as would induce one to wish that Covent Garden might never be rebuilt, as here alone, within the most acoustical ring of that horse-shoe area, could the right and worthy home of foreign opera be found. The Teutonic tribes mustered in vast force; it was to be a great night for fatherland; the Rhine was to dominate the Thames, and in a play of England's own Shakespeare, though the veriest English goose wouldn't suppose there was a feather of the Swan of Avon in it after the first five minutes, beyond the name, namely—*Romeo and Juliet*, there being no Nurse, no Mercutio, and in fact no anything there ought to be, and an infinite deal of what there ought not. But that's nothing. There were three Germans in it, all first appearances here. The Juliet was Jenny Baur, who, though British by birth, is Rhenish by training. The Teobaldo (partly intended for Tybalt, but three or four gentlemen rolled into one), was Reichardt, and the Romeo, of course, was Wagner, therein challenging direct comparison with Malibran, to whom the Continental critics would have it some years ago that she was not only the equal, but very much superior. Alack, for the delusion! Half-a-hundred Wagners wouldn't make half a Malibran in any part, and not quarter of one in this part in particular. The first couple of scenes in the first act went off pretty well. Reichardt, for a German, warbled Bellini's floridities with tolerable effect; and Baur was not altogether unequal, thus far at least, to the love-lorn daughter of the Capulet, save in look and appearance; and therein the spectator had assuredly to draw on his imagination most extensively for the embodiment of the poet's conception of the romantic and romance-inspiring Veronese. At last there is a pause. Every one feels what is coming. Expectancy is wound to its highest. The orchestra in general and the clarinet in particular play a prelude that heralds the advent of something astonishing. Suddenly there emerges from the right wing at the extremity of the stage a tall figure armed *cap-a-pied* in sea-serpentine scale armour, with nodding plumes of prodigious altitude; altogether a very knightly-looking personage, only of too slender configuration to indicate strength at all proportioned to the height, and therein lacking symmetry.

"A whirlwind of applause ensued as a matter of course. Shouts of congratulation rent the air, and waving pocket-handkerchiefs perfumed it, testifying to the recent reduction of duty on eau de Cologne. Again

and again, and once again did round follow round of welcome; and minutes, which seemed hours to the impatient, elapsed before the favourite by anticipation was suffered to begin. But, when she *did* begin;—ah, woe for the dreams of the enthusiastic! Never was supposed enchantment so dreadfully dispelled. Her very walk across the stage was *gauche* and angular; the action of her arms in the quietest gesticulation embarrassed; and her deportment wholly destitute of the buoyancy befitting the wearer of so chivalrous a costume. Then when she sang:—What voice is that? A soprano that has triumphantly tickled the ears of all Europe with its musical snuff-box embroideries? A mezzo that has captivated every heart with its dulcet lusciousness? A contralto that has stormed the tempestuous souls of her metaphysical countrymen with its æsthetical witcheries? Impossible, can't be, quite out of the question, you say to yourself;—but then, you recollect who she is, or who she is said to be; and you think you must be a fool; and you are humiliated in your own conceit; and you deplore that the gods have not made you appreciative of musical miracles. You listen again. Up comes a head-note out of that very long pipe as laboriously as a bucket from a well; and down drops a chest-note, just like the said bucket descending, ending in a plash and a splash of a most wishy-washy character indeed. You rub your eyes in amazement, and scratch your head in despair; and fidget about on your seat as if you were not quite sure of your own identity, much less of that of the lady before you. "That strain again, it hath a dying fall?" Yes, a rattle in the throat, which by no means "comes o'er us like the sweet south across a bed of violets," doing the pleasant things described in *Twelfth Night*, but making your blood run cold, or piping hot, according to your temperament. Surely, you soliloquize under your waistcoat pocket, there must be some monstrous mistake;—this *cannot* be the marvellous Joanna, who, as her father told us in the memorable trial, had only to appear here, and help herself out of blind Bull's pockets;—Bull must be deaf as well as blind if he be now so dealt with. But then, it seems to you, perhaps you are premature in your judgment. Mayhap the lady, though an old stager, is labouring under that fright which sometimes affects veterans as well as novices; and, like Lover's Miss Molly Bawn, she may be "not herself at all." You will wait till she recovers herself, and till some fitting opportunity arises for putting forth all her powers, whatever they may be. Well, she does recover herself; the opportunity does arise; a grand scena occurs; and, lo! the result is as before. There can be no mistake now; you are satisfied that you ought to be dissatisfied; you *are* dissatisfied; you say so to your neighbour; the neighbour says ditto to you; you put your two heads together, and come to the one conclusion, namely, that Joanna is of the Southcoote race; that the little Shiloh never will be born; and that the very smallest of mice is the offspring of this long parturient mountain.

"Meanwhile, hark to the acclaiming uproar! Behold the manufacture of 'public opinion' preparing for Monday morning. The more Wagner goes down, the more are Lumley's Spartan band of claqueurs determined to cry her up. The curtain falls on the first act amidst general and profound disappointment. No matter for that—the greater the merit in pretending the contrary. Accordingly Wagner is summoned to the footlights, and peal upon peal of tumultuous bravas shake the chandelier. True, there is no Niagara of nosebags; no shower of bouquets. The hirelings and their employers never thought of that. They took for granted such offerings would be really votive, and that there would be a torrent of them. Not a solitary one fell—ominous of the fatal fact that none deserved to fall. The second act followed, more drearily than the first, save the divertissement, with the piquant Marie Taglioni, and a little Indiarubber-ball of a man named Vandris, who spun on his heel as long as one of the late Mr. Egerton Smith's pegtops on a dinner-plate. Again the curtain fell, and again was Wagner summoned before it, two several times, and three several times after the third act, wherein there was the most ample scope for acting if she could act, and for singing if she could sing; but she could do neither; and *therefore* was she applauded more vociferously than ever. At the beginning of the fourth act it was pretty clear to all eyes that could see, or that would see, what was the real state of the case. Several of the boxes filled in the early part of the evening were empty. The late denizens of the pit, who had gone to lounge about the lobbies, were in no hurry to come back; and several stalls presented painful gaps along the front of the orchestra. The fourth act lagged more dismally than all the others. The Juliet had been quite worn out and used up, and had very fortunately been dead and buried in the third act; and, so far, there was relief. But the Romeo waxed only more violent without being more impressive or attractive in any way; indeed, rather the contrary; for as requirements multiplied, so did the resources fail; and the monotony of pose and tone became absolutely painful. The finale was

wound up with a tornado of clapping and stamping, and so an end; the critics of the Sunday papers scampering off to their respective offices to record the unprecedented triumph, brilliant reception, unheard-of success, etc., etc., of the famous Mademoiselle Wagner; and the critics of the Monday papers going to supper, and then to bed, resolved, of course, for the sake of Lumley and the old house, to say ditto to their Sabbatical brethren. On reading the same, the British public, who were not present, will exclaim, what a fine thing it is to have a candid, honest, and intellectual press; and how superior the bold Briton is in that as in all other of his institutions to the benighted foreigner. What that portion of the public who were present will think is best left to conjecture, though probably they, too, will say ditto to the others. To make a long story short, the short and the long of the matter is, that Wagner is a downright, total, unequivocal failure in Romeo, at any rate; and it is scarcely possible that so good-for-nothing a Romeo can be a good-for-much anything else. What sort of voice has she, you naturally ask? Why no sort at all;—that is just it. Perhaps it may have been a very wonderful and sumptuous organ at one time; but, assuredly, it is the very reverse now. It is more like a dilapidated male treble than any within the ordinary female category. She has some very deep notes, quite masculine, not contralto, and decidedly not musical; and her great exploit is the sudden, skyrocketty interjection of these, without any gradation whatever, in the midst of testa notes, which, also, are anything but ravishing. This trick of jumping from the extremes of the register astonishes for the first two or three times; but when it becomes evident that it is one of her chief resources, and is continually introduced *apropos* of nothing, it not merely wearies but distresses.

“Wagner cannot be said to resemble any vocal actress on the stage in anything; but she is not on that account original. A feeble, though bizarre, commonplace is the characteristic of her style in every respect. Judged by the standard familiar to us on the lyric stage of this country, she can never have been a great actress, or anything approaching one, for it is impossible to imagine in what her greatness can have lain. As a singer, she may have been, as just said, once great, and, indeed, must have been; or how else could she have acquired her enormous reputation among those who could not have been deceived? But undoubtedly she is not great, nor even pleasing now. The only vocalist your correspondent can compare her to is one that nobody knows anything about, a Signora Somebody, who sang at Balfe’s benefit, some years ago, as a female tenor, and whom the Exeter Hallites hooted from the platform under the impression that she was not a she at all, though she was, and a very good-looking one too, despite of a shake upon A as robust as Brahma’s. This comparison won’t much help you to a notion of our new phenomenon; but it may give you the idea, which will be a correct one, that Wagner is not very likely to displace any existing prima donna, in any walk of the histrionico-vocal art, whether dear old Grisi, or delightful young Piccolomini, who was over Wagner’s head last night, looking as beautiful as an angel—that is if the angel happened to have a pink satin dress on its cherubic frame, and an Andalusian fan in its celestial fingers. Piccolomini, who is of the pocket Venus order of loveliness, and wouldn’t come up to Wagner’s shoulder, which is higher than the *Juliet* of the night, came, sat out the whole performance, therein exhibiting a condescension, considering how truly great an actress she is herself, that her only superior, the really new Italian, of whom a concluding word now, might well be proud of.

Whoever (say Schloss) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially to *Juliet*’s “being dead and buried in the third act”*) shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement.

* Considering that *Juliet* gets up from the tomb in the fourth act, and has a duo with her lover, we are warranted in believing that the writer of the above article was not present at the performance, of Mdle. Wagner, and that the whole is, therefore, a hoax, played off by some unscrupulous wag upon the *Liverpool Albion*.

A NEW OPERA entitled *Robin Hood*, the composition of Mr. John Wass (the well-known singing-master), was performed on Thursday evening, at the Philharmonic Rooms, by a company of amateur ladies and gentlemen. The orchestra, which was small, and at times indistinct, was conducted by Mr. Wass. The singers were altogether very efficient, more especially Miss Emma Coward, the *prima donna*, who sang and acted with great spirit. The performance went off with great *clat*, in the presence of at least a thousand persons.

DEATHS.

On the 14th June, Mr. Henry Hill, Premier *Viola* at the Royal Italian Opera, etc.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 21st, 1856.

At last we have got Joanna—the tall and fair Joanna—Joanna Wagner, who, three or four years since, like Jenny Lind, signed two engagements, but unlike Jenny Lind (who fulfilled one), fulfilled neither.

Since the time of the famous action at law—when Mr. Lumley very wisely would not let Joanna sing, and Dr. Bacher gave such curious evidence—the Teutonic maiden has been pursuing her career in various parts of Germany with well-sustained success. In the operas of Gluck, especially, Mdle. Wagner has earned celebrity. To these her peculiar method of declamation, her stately and commanding figure, her large and ponderous voice, and indeed her general qualifications, both physical and mental, especially adapt her. In these she has been apostrophised by all the German critics, with language at once magniloquent and misty. But, in the teeth of the *Wagnerbundler*, and the school of “the future” (whose great representative is Johanna’s paternal uncle), the operas of modern Italy have laid fast hold of the beer-drinking and tobacco-steeped children of central Europe. They love a *tune* just as well as the jaunty French, the clamorous Italians, or the dull “fast” men of our own metropolis; and Mdle. Wagner, like all her compatriots, has now and then emerged from the undefiled temples of Aulis and Tauris, to sacrifice upon the altars of the southern Bel. In doing this, she has, in a great measure, sacrificed herself—for that lofty measured speech which befits the worship of the classic Gluck but ill becomes the levity of those more sensuous rituals.

In *Lucrezia Borgia*, and other works of the later school of Italy, Mdle. Wagner has failed to maintain that standard which in her own more pure and artistically genuine style was universally accorded her. Even in the operas of Meyerbeer, which, from their declamatory and eminently dramatic character, their vivid word-painting and passionate expression, are not altogether without traces of the influence of Gluck—although they present no semblance of the Gluckian sternness and simplicity—Mdle. Wagner has retained her place; and her *Fides* (if not her *Valentine*) ranks among her most famous achievements. But in modern Italian opera, one solitary part excepted, she has signally failed—as may be known by any one who is in the habit of perusing those oracles of truth, the German critics—Rellstab, Semph, Saphir, Herz, &c. The one exception is *Romeo*, in Bellini’s *Montecchi ed I Capuletti*, which was sagely appointed by Mr. Lumley for her *début* in London. How Mdle. Wagner could descend from the soaring harmony of Gluck to the insect croaking, humming and buzzing of the yet unformed Bellini—or, to employ another simile (we stand in fear of Gluck’s Parnassus down to the sweepings of Rossini’s door-way (and this—oh, Yellowplush!—is an apt image for the grovelling music of *I Capuletti*) must remain a puzzle to be unravelled by Weimarian ontosophists. Joanna took the leap, however, from the peak to the mat, and descended in safety.

What is thought by high authorities in England of the Romeo of Mdlle. Joanna Wagner may be gathered from the magnificent panegyrics which appeared in the papers of Monday, and which we should like to quote, but for our inability to consent to their verdicts, or at any rate, to accept them unconditionally as irrevocable. The earnestness and enthusiasm of our contemporaries, however, can no more be questioned than their eloquence.

Did any one feel uncomfortable in the midst of the triumph of Monday night it must have been Albert Wagner, Esq.; for if what he wrote be true—that “the English were only to be valued for their money”—then their “frantic” reception of his six-foot child with the golden locks, on that occasion, may be set down as of no value—but rather suspected as the act of untutored savages, tickled into emotion by causes they were wholly unable to define. Did they really understand—we appeal to Albert Wagner, Esq.—did they, “we say,” really understand one word of the Italian which the Romeo from the Spree was declaiming and singing with such energy and emphasis for three long hours? If Wagner, Esq., wrote truly they did *not*. Were they, when Joanna “shook out” her *grupetti*—when she tumbled down the scale from top to bottom of her register, with special emphasis on the highest and lowest notes (as if the others, instead of being connecting links, were sufficiently insignificant to be left wholly or partly to the imagination)—were they, “we say,” during the accomplishment of these feats, fully conscious of the kind of artistic display to which they were lending ears and hands? If Wagner, Esq., wrote truly they were *not*.

We are disposed to agree with Wagner, Esq. The English are more moneyed than musical—or, at least, the English at the Italian opera.

ONE of the most respected members of the musical profession, Henry Hill, the tenor player, died on Saturday after a long illness, from which—although he had several times partially improved—there had never been any hope of his ultimate recovery.

Few men enjoyed a greater degree of popularity than Hill, whose social virtues were eminently attaching, and who possessed the secret of winning and retaining the esteem and personal regard of his brother musicians. That he held the highest rank in his profession, and for many years was unanimously accounted the best English player on his instrument, is well known. Hill will be greatly missed at the Royal Italian Opera, at the Philharmonic, at the Sacred Harmonic, at the Musical Union, at the provincial festivals, and at all musical meetings of importance. His presence, indeed, used to be a *sine quâ non*, and the aid of his talent indispensable wherever good music was to be heard in this country. No face in the orchestra was more welcome and familiar than that manly, honest countenance—which seemed as if it could not possibly wear any other expression than one of benevolence and good humour. Hill was truly a genuine fellow—a conscientious, as well as a gifted artist, a strict man of business, a good comrade, a hearty friend, and a boon companion. Such a union of excellent qualities is sufficiently rare to warrant a deep and enduring regret for the untimely loss of the man in whom they were combined. We say untimely, because Hill was little more than 40 when he died; and we remember him, but a few years previously, with a robust and stalwart frame, and a rude, unbroken health, which seemed to promise a more than average length of days to their possessor.

But man proposes and God disposes. Poor Hill is gone

from among us; and, we may safely add, without leaving behind him a single enemy. He was buried on Wednesday, at Nunhead cemetery, near Peckham, and followed to the grave by many who knew him well and valued him highly, both as a man and an artist. That English professors should be present at the obsequies of such a brother, was not surprising; but foreigners were just as much alive to Hill's merits as his own countrymen, and, among the rest, he enjoyed the intimate friendship of two of the most eminent foreign musicians who have selected England as a residence—we mean Ernst and Sainton. These two were present with the others; and we sincerely believe that none of the mourners felt more profoundly, or will hold in more affectionate regard the memory of him to whom they were paying the last tribute of consideration and respect.

ALL matters having been amicably arranged with the proprietors, the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Gye, it is now determined that Covent Garden Theatre shall be rebuilt. Sir Charles Fox and Mr. Henderson have entered into a contract, and pledged themselves that six months from the day they enter upon the work of reconstruction, the theatre shall be ready for operatic performances.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, Mdlle. Johanna Wagner made her first appearance in this country, as Romeo, in Bellini's *I Montecchi ed I Capuletti*. She was supported by Mdlle. Jenny Baur (her first appearance) as Juliet, Herr Reichardt (his first appearance) as Tybalt, Signor Beneventano as Capulet, and Signor Bouché as Friar Lawrence—we beg pardon, Doctor Lorenzo. Shakspeare is very little consulted in the piece, and Bellini's music is by no means worthy of the composer of *La Sonnambula*. Mdlle. Wagner was received with tremendous applause, recalled after each of the four acts, and three times at the end. Her success, judging from these demonstrations, was immense. In fact, we seldom witnessed so much apparent enthusiasm. Every word, note, and look, was applauded; even silence was sometimes followed by acclamations. Every seat in the house was filled, and hundreds were standing in the pit and galleries.

Mdlle. Jenny Baur made an interesting Juliet, and Herr Reichardt made a decided hit in Tybalt. He was encored unanimously in his first song, and throughout the evening sang with so much taste and expression as to gain him the approval of the connoisseurs. The public applauded him repeatedly, and he had to reappear with Mdlle. Wagner at the end of the third act.

Mdlle. Wagner made her second appearance on Tuesday, and her third last evening in the same opera, with equal success. The house was densely crowded on both occasions.

A new ballet *divertissement* was introduced into the second act of *I Capuletti ed I Montecchi*, in which Mdlle. Marie Taglioni—accompanied by the agile Charles, who, as *The Times* says, combines Alcides with Mercury—delighted the eyes of all beholders with her twinkling steps and fascinating poses. It was fortunate, indeed, for some of the singers that the *divertissement* did not last very long.

The star of Johanna Wagner, however brightly it may shine, has not dimmed the radiance of Piccolomini, which shone with greater lustre than ever on Thursday night, when *Traviata* again attracted an immense audience. “I don't know where this ere *furor* will stop, mind you, that's what bothers me.”—*Vide Dickens's Sketches of London*.

To-night the *Traviata*. Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento* is in rehearsal for Mdlle. Piccolomini.

M. JULIEN has returned from the provinces to superintend the preparations for the opening of the Royal Surrey Gardens, on the 8th of next month.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, Mario made his second appearance in the *Trovatore*, and sang even better than on the previous Thursday. He produced an immense effect in "Il ben mio," and introduced a shake at the end so perfect, that the house was taken by surprise, called him thrice forward, and overwhelmed him with applause.

On Monday, an extra night, *Don Giovanni* was produced for the first time at the Lyceum. The cast was as follows:—Donna Anna, Madlle. Rosa Devries; Zerlina, Madme. Bosio; Elvira, Madme. Marai; Ottavio, Sig. Gardoni; Don Giovanni, Sig. Ronconi; Leporello, Herr Formes; Masetto, Sig. Polonini; and Commendatore, Sig. Tagliafico. Of these it is only necessary to speak of Madlle. Devries and Sig. Gardoni, who were novelties. Madlle. Devries comes from the United States with a high reputation as a *prima donna*. She has a beautiful voice, and sings well, but is hardly equal to this, one of the loftiest parts in the lyric drama. Madlle. Rosa Devrie will, doubtless, be heard to more advantage in another opera. Signor Gardoni made his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera as Ottavio, and with decided success. He was encored in the "Il mio tesoro," but declined repeating it. Madame Bosio (who sang divinely) was encored in "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino," and with Signor Ronconi in "La ci darem." The trio of Masks (Bosio, Marai, and Gardoni), was also encored. Madlle. Cerito and M. Desplaces danced the minuet in the ball scene.

Tuesday *La Favorita*, with Madlle. Cerito in the ballet of the first act.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni* for the second time.

To-night the *Trovatore*, when Madlle. Jenny Ney will make her last appearance this season as Leonora.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE fifth came off yesterday week, when, in consequence of the continual rain all day, there was a less numerous attendance than at the two previous concerts. Some of the subscribers, by the way, have grumbled at the admission of the general public. As long as they are not inconvenienced—and the directors have taken especial care that there should be accommodation for all comers—we do not see what right they have to complain. Moreover, the price of admission to the public, with contingent expenses, necessarily precludes all but the "upper ten" classes, wealth or aristocracy, from visiting the Crystal Palace on the Fridays.

The following was the programme of the fifth concert:—

PART I.			
Overture (<i>Egmont</i>)	Beethoven.		
Aria, "Oh, God, have mercy," Herr Formes	Mendelssohn.		
Duet, "Crudel perchè," Mdlle. Marai and Sig. Graziani	Mozart.		
Part-song, "Who shall win my lady fair?"	Pearsall.		
Aria, "Ah, mon Fils," Mdme. Didiée	Meyerbeer.		
Aria, "Caro Nome," Mdme. Bosio	Verdi.		
Finale, "Guiriam, guiriamo," (<i>Guillaume Tell</i>)	Rossini.		
PART II.			
Overture (<i>Anacreon</i>)	Cherubini.		
Aria, "Al dolce guidami," Mdme. Griis	Donizetti.		
Trio, "Cheti al favor," (<i>Conte Ory</i>), Mdme. Bosio, Mdlle. Marai, and Sig. Mario	Rossini.		
Aria, "Martem allen artem," Mdle. Ney	Mozart.		
Duet, "Serbami ognor," Mdmes. Griis and Didiée	Rossini.		
Aria, "Largo al factotum," Sig. Ronconi	Rossini.		
Finale, "Di quale santa furor," (<i>La Favorita</i>)	Donizetti.		

This was an excellent programme, and only required an instrumental solo, to render it perfect. The overture to *Egmont* was magnificently played. The glorious air from *St. Paul* was most impressively given by the German basso, whose fine voice tells with powerful effect at the Crystal Palace. Pearsall's part-song was so well sung by the chorus as to elicit a general demand for its repetition, which was complied with. Mad. Didiée was likewise induced to repeat the air from the *Prophète*, in which she displayed the best possible taste and admirable expression. The aria, "Caro Nome," from *Rigoletto*, is not in its place in a concert-room. It was, however, so beautifully sung

by Madame Bosio as to enchant all who heard it. The grand finale from *Guillaume Tell* was much applauded but hardly appreciated.

In the second part Griis was encored in the plaintive air from *Anna Bolena*; Mdle. Jenny Ney in the grand aria of the Queen of Night, from the *Zauberflöte*; and Ronconi in "Largo al factotum"—all three deservedly. Ronconi's humour is hardly less effective off than on the stage. His "Largo al factotum" convulsed the audience with laughter. We should not fail to notice, too, how exquisitely the trio from *Il Conte Ory* was sung by Mad. Bosio, Mdle. Marai, and Signor Mario (who took the place of Signor Gardoni, absent on account of indisposition). The concert, indeed, was a delightful one, and the only matter left for regret was, that Mario did not sing a solo, which was unanimously deplored by the ladies.

Mr. Costa conducted the whole of the concert.

On Wednesday the opening of the great fountains took place in the presence of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, several of the Royal family, and an assemblage of more than twenty thousand people. The entire system of the waterworks was displayed for the first time. These included, in addition to the fountains already exhibited in action, the water temples, the cascades, the two large waterfalls, and the fountains of the grand lower basins. When all the fountains were in full operation, no less than 11,788 jets were playing at once, through which upwards of 120,000 gallons of water passed per minute. The highest jets in the lower basins reached the altitude of two hundred and eighty feet. The weather was magnificent, and the sight splendid beyond description. Besides the band of the company, the Royal Artillery and Coldstream Guards' bands attended, and played in different parts of the grounds.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE following was the programme of the fifth and last concert of the season, which was also the most inconveniently crowded—and, to conclude, in many respects the very best ever given by the society:—

PART I.			
Overture (<i>Ruy Blas</i>)	Mendelssohn.		
Scena (<i>Der Freischütz</i>) Mad. Goldschmidt	Weber.		
Chorus, "Hail, holy light;" duet, "Brightest Seraph," Miss Sherrington and Miss F. Huddart; solo and chorus, "Farewell, ye happy fields," Herr Rokitsansky and chorus; song, "For spirits when they please," Miss Sherrington, (<i>Paradise Lost</i>)	Wylde.		
Concerto in D minor, Mrs. J. Robinson	Mendelssohn.		
Aria, "Squalida vesta," Mad. Goldschmidt	Rossini.		
Overture (<i>Oberon</i>)	Weber.		
PART II.			
Symphony Pastoral	Beethoven.		
Recueil de Mazourkas (arranged by Otto Goldschmidt)	Chopin.		
Mad. Goldschmidt			
Overture (<i>Masaniello</i>)	Auber.		

Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

As Mdme. Goldschmidt has sung all the pieces included in the above programme in the course of the present season, it is enough to say that she never sang them more transcendently. The scena from *Der Freischütz* was glorious; the *bravura* from *Il Turco* dazzling and splendid, and the mazourkas of Chopin (admirably accompanied by Herr Goldschmidt), were exquisitely quaint and touching. As the last faint note died away into silence, Mdme. Goldschmidt produced such a marvellous *sotto voce* that we could not help recalling the beautiful simile in Shelley's *Sensitive Plant*:—

"A music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense."

The three overtures were all capitally played under Dr. Wylde's direction—the *Oberon*, as usual, however, at an almost impracticable speed. The pastoral symphony, too, went famously, although the "rivulet" was a little too loud. The commencement of the storm was *manqué* by the violins, and the opening of the *finale* (which was taken too quick) was spoiled by the horns. All the rest was unimpeachable, and we are glad to be able to compliment Dr. Wylde.

Mrs. J. Robinson—who brilliantly represents the sister isle as *pianiste de la première force*—performed the difficult concerto of Mendelssohn with remarkable energy and fire. Her reading of the *andante* was charming—gracefully feminine, and yet quite unaffected. She was applauded with enthusiasm.

The selections from Dr. Wyld's *Paradise Lost* were not well executed; but those pieces from the first part with which we were already familiar, decidedly gain by a closer acquaintance; while the two new *morceaux*, quartet with chorus, and duet for Satan and Uriel, have both very great merit, the last especially, which is quite as new as it is attractive.

A more brilliant farewell concert, on the whole, could not have been presented to the subscribers. And now we bid "good bye" to the New Philharmonic Society until 1857.

MADAME SCHUMANN'S RECITALS.

On Tuesday afternoon Mad. Schumann again "recited" some pianoforte music to her friends and admirers, who assembled at the Hanover Square Rooms in much larger numbers than before. Mad. Schumann played the following pieces on the present occasion:—

Variations in E flat on 'a' theme from the Eroica	
Symphony	Beethoven.
Two Diversions (Op. 17); Suite de Pièces (No. 1, Op. 24)	Sterndale Bennett.
Variations on a theme (Aus den bunten Blättern) of Robert Schumann	Clara Schumann.
Sarabande and Gavotte (in the style of Bach), and Clavierstück in A major	Johannes Brahms & Scarlatti.
Carnaval (Scenes Mignonnes, Op. 9)	Robert Schumann.

Of Mad. Schumann's playing we have nothing new to add to what we have said already. We were charmed with her reading of Bennett's graceful *Diversions** (Nos. 1 and 2—in A and E) and with her masterly execution of the *prestissimo* in C sharp minor from the *Suite de Pièces*. Equally attractive was the performance of Scarlatti's *Gavotte*—the same which Wilhelmine Clauss was so fond of playing. The *Sarabande* of the "new man," Johannes Brahms, is extremely difficult, extremely uncouth, and not at all "in the style of Bach."

The *Scenes Mignonnes* of Schumann (an early work) were interesting chiefly because Mdme. Schumann interpreted them. Their titles may give some idea of their character:—

Préambule—Pierrot—Arlequin—Valse Noble—Papillons—Lettres Dansantes—Chiarina—Chopin—Reconnaissance—Pantalon et Colombine—Valse Allemande et Paganini—Promenade—Pause—Marche of the Davidsbündler against the Philistines.

And if these are not sufficiently explanatory, read the following:—

"Remarks on Schumann's *Carnival*.—This composition may be understood to illustrate the brilliancy of a Carnival with all the eccentricities and ever-changing pictures of Continental fêtes. Like a magic lantern, it will convey to our imagination various personifications, such as the Clown, Pantaloon, or Harlequin and Columbine; sometimes even well-known characters, such as Chopin and Paganini; but they only remind for a moment, and are replaced by the ever-flowing stream of Carnival festivities.

"The following observations on the last number, 'Marche des Davidsbündler contre les Philistines,' may assist to the better understanding thereof. About the time the 'Carnival' was composed, some musicians, amongst them Robt. Schumann, enthusiastically aiming at the highest possible cultivation of their art, had formed a society under the title of 'Davidsbündler.' In every way, by word and deed, they struggled for their opinion, and particularly against the pedantry and hypocrisy of those who think excellence in music is only to be found in correctness, however dry or empty it may be, and who would fain lay claim to the name of musician by mere stencelling and imitating antiquated forms, without having the talents of those masters who knew how to use them in a way to render them sacred to posterity.

"In a humour arising from the controversy on such matters lies the foundation of this composition, but more particularly of this last number, which is founded on the melody of an old Volkslied."

* We believe the *Three Diversions* are only published in England as duets. The more's the pity.

At the end of every performance Mad. Schumann was loudly applauded, and after the last piece the applause lasted so long that she returned to the platform, and once more treated her hearers to the *Gavotte* of Scarlatti.

A third and last "recital" is already announced, in consequence of the success of the other two.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The fourth Concert, for the exhibition of the students, took place at the Institution, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, on Tuesday afternoon. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Overture in C minor (*Zetta*), I. B. Turner, pupil of Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Preghiera "Sommo Dio" (*Zaira*), Miss Forster, (pupil of Sig. Garcia)—Winter. Terzetto, "Lift thine eyes" (*Elijah*), Miss Spiller, Miss White, and Miss Shepherd, pupils of Sig. Garcia—Mendelssohn. Concertino Pianoforte, Miss Scott, pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes—Benedict. Duo, "Ah figlia incanta" (*Maria Padilla*), Miss Lucia Fosbrooke and Miss Janette Whitehead, pupils of Sig. Scira—Donizetti. Madrigal, "Since first I saw your face"—Ford, 1612. Andante and Rondo from concerto, Violin, Master Isaac, king's scholar, pupil of Mr. Henry Blagrove—Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Overture (*Lo Scompiglio Teatrale*); Scena (*L'Eros di Lancastro*), Miss White—Lord Westmoreland. Aria, "Ahi che il suon del rio che frange" (*Der Freischütz*) Miss Bignall, pupil of Signor Schira—Weber. Glee, full choir, "Hero in cool grot"—Lord Mornington. Scena, "Ah come rapida" (*Il Crociato*), Miss Spiller—Meyerbeer. Chorus, "Glory to God," principal parts by Miss Fosbrooke, Miss Shepherd, Mr. Goodban, and Mr. Wallworth—Beethoven.

The pupils who most distinguished themselves were Miss White in Lord Westmoreland's *scena*, Miss Spiller, in Mendelssohn's "Infelice," and Miss Bignall, among the vocalists—Master Isaac in his violin solo, wonderfully played, and Miss Scott in the pianoforte concertino of Benedict. The rooms were well filled by the friends of the students, and the concert went off with spirit.

CONCERTS—VARIOUS.

MRS. ANDERSON, pianist to the Queen and the Royal Family, gave her "Grand Annual Concert" at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday last. The attractions were multifarious. All the principal singers of Mr. Lumley's establishment appeared, together with Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Charles Braham—the latter, although belonging to Her Majesty's Theatre, not being officially known as a member. The band and chorus also attended, and this array of talent was further reinforced by the services of Mrs. Anderson and Mr. W. G. Cousins (pianists), Mr. Remenyi (violinist to Her Majesty the Queen), and Mr. Richardson (solo flute to Her Majesty the Queen). The vocal music was by far the most important—the band contenting themselves with the overture to *Oberon*, the march from the *Ruins of Athens*, and the march from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which last was played like a psalm tune. The most approved performances were Madame Clara Novello's "Deh vieni non tardar"—as fine as ever, but rather spoiled by an insipid *cadenza*; the lack-a-daisical duetto, "Parigi, o cara," from the last act of *Traviata*, by Mdle. Piccolomini and Sig. Calzolari; the duet from the *Barbiere*, "Dunque io son," by Alboni and Sig. Belletti; Venzano's waltz by Mdle. Jenny Baur; Schubert's "Wanderer," by Mdle. Wagner; and the final *rondo* to *Cenerentola* by Alboni. All these were encored, the last amidst thunders of applause. Of those pieces which were not encored, but deserved an encore, we may name the duet from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* by Mad. Albertini and Sig. Baucarde; Mozart's "Dalla sua pace," by Herr Reichardt; and Verdi's cavatina, "La mia letizia," by Mr. Charles Braham—called in the bill "Signor Carlo Braham"—why not Braham? Mr. Charles Braham is so much improved, that those who heard him a few years ago hardly recognised him. His voice is as charming as ever—a purer tenor could not be found—but his style and method have undergone a surprising change. If he appear to as much advantage in opera as he did at the concert, he will be a real acquisition.

Mrs. Anderson, who for the last two or three years has ab-

stained from playing in public, once more gratified her friends and admirers by a display of her ability as a pianist. When we say that Mrs. Anderson played as well as ever, we speak the truth. None of the qualities for which her style has so long been distinguished was missing, and the applause that greeted her at the end was warm and general. Mrs. Anderson selected the first movement of Hummel's concerto in A minor as her *rentrée*.

Solos were also played, on the pianoforte, violin, and flute, by Mr. W. G. Cusins, Signor Remenyi, and Mr. Richardson. The last was a masterly exhibition of skill, and created a marked sensation. Such a flautist as Mr. Richardson should be heard oftener. There was a crowded and fashionable attendance.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S Second Performance of Pianoforte Music was given on Saturday last, at the new Beethoven Rooms. The selection comprised Beethoven's sonata in F, (Op. 24) for pianoforte and violin—Herr Ernst at the violin; Scarlatti's sonata in A; Beethoven's quintet in E flat (Op. 16), for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn—executants, Mrs. John Macfarren, Messrs. Barret, Williams, Baumann, and C. Harper; with solos from the works of Thalberg, Chopin and Liszt. We have already alluded to Mrs. John Macfarren's great improvement since last year. This was corroborated by her performances on the present occasion. The audience were charmed with the sonata of Beethoven, in which the pianist shared the applause with the great German violinist. To connoisseurs the sonata of Scarlatti was a special treat, and Mrs. Macfarren deserves praise for having the courage to present it to her audience. But now that she has fallen back upon Scarlatti, we recommend Mrs. John Macfarren's attention to Dussek—a source from which the classical pianist may draw for a long time without exhausting it. With such performers in the quintet of Beethoven, it could not go otherwise than well. It was first rate. In Thalberg's serenade from *Don Pasquale*, Chopin's Nocturne in F minor, and Liszt's Tarantella "La Danza," Mrs. Macfarren's neat and brilliant execution was much admired. The fair artist retired after the last performance amid hearty applause from all parts of the room. Herr Ernst played his own *Elegie* with unsurpassable grace and sentiment. Mr. Swift sang the *aria*, "A te fra tante," from *Davidde Penitente*, in his best style; Mr. Weiss introduced his own "Bell-ringer," and Miss Mary Keeley warbled very sweetly a *melodia*, "O delicata mammola," by Nigri, (?) and Kucken's "Oh! thou whose dark eyes gleaming." Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT AND MISS COLE gave their second performance of Classical Chamber Music, on Monday evening, in Willis's Rooms. The classic *morceaux* were Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor (The "Moonlight")—excellently performed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert; Weber's sonata in C, op 24—equally well executed by the same gentleman; Mozart's duo in E flat, for pianoforte and violin, by Messrs Alfred Gilbert and Clementi; and selections from the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, who seemed to play even better than usual. The vocal music was allotted to Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Miss Cole, and Sig. C. A. Algarra—a barytone. The noticeable points in the singing were a new and well written song, "Sweet were those hours," by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, extremely well given by the composer's *cara sposa*; and another new song, by Mr. J. Parry Cole, which was so flowing and graceful and so charmingly sung by Miss Cole as to gain a deserved encore. The pretty duet "The Greenwood" (H. Smart), by the fair sisters, was also a capital performance. Besides the instrumental pieces already alluded to, solos were played on the flute by Mr. B. Wells, and on the violin by Mr. Clementi. There was a good attendance. Mr. J. Parry Cole was the accompanist.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last performance of the present season took place on Friday sen'night, when the Oratorio was *Elijah*. The principal singers were Mad. Viardot, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. Mr. Costa conducted. The performance was one of the finest ever heard, and the Hall was crammed to suffocation.

MR. AGUILAR'S ANNUAL CONCERT came off on Thursday morning at the Hanover-square Rooms; the vocalists were Mesdames Viardot Garcia, Beyer Zerr, and Emilie Krall, Herr Richardt, and Signor Iradier; the instrumentalists—Herr Ernst (violin), Mr. Webb (viola), Herr Hausmann (violoncello), Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), and Mr. Aguilar (pianoforte). Mr. Aguilar took part in Mozart's trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola with Messrs. Lazarus and Webb; and in a trio of his own composition for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with Herr Ernst and Herr Hausman; and played, *solo*, Beethoven's sonata in E flat, op. 27, No. 2; and a bolero written by himself. Mr. Aguilar played in his very best manner, and was loudly applauded in all his performances, more especially in his own trio and bolero, which were greatly admired by the audience. Mr. Aguilar's trio—which was performed for the first time in public—may be entitled a story in music. The first movement—*allegro*—illustrates "Happy love;" the second—*intermezzo allegro molto agitato*—"Broken faith;" the third—*adagio*—"Solemn vows;" and the last—*allegro molto vivace*—"A Journey." These different states of society—though not exactly placed in obvious succession—are earnestly and poetically suggested, and the whole composition is honorable to Mr. Aguilar's musical knowledge and invention.

Ernst played, with exquisite taste and immense effect, two short and beautiful pieces of his own—*Allegretto* and *Nocturno*. The vocal music comprised sundry novelties. Mad. Viardot sang "Edith"—a song of the eleventh century by Mr. Aguilar; two French songs of the seventeenth century; and joined Sig. Iradier in a duet—of the nineteenth century, we suppose—called "La jota de los toreros," written by the gentleman himself. Mad. Viardot exhibited the versatility of her talents in these *morceaux* to eminent advantage, and elicited loud applause, the duet being encored unanimously. Herr Reichardt sang the romance "Unter blühenden," from *Euryanthe*, and a graceful serenade by Mr. Aguilar, "Es Glanzen hell die Sterne," in his most expressive manner; and Mad. Beyer Zerr—sister, to Mad. Anna Zerr—displayed a capable voice in the *aria* from *Der Zauberflöte*, "Ach ich fühls." Mdle. Emilie Krall sang Mendelssohn's "Zuleika" and Mozart's "Das Veilchen"—both charmingly. Mr. Frank Mori and Herr Kuhe were the conductors.

RE-UNION DES ARTS.—The seventh concert, on Wednesday evening, was given in honor of Madame Clara Schumann. The first part was devoted entirely to selections from the works of Robert Schumann. It comprised quartet for two violins, tenor, and violoncello; pianoforte quartet, and three vocal pieces. Mad. Schumann is heard to especial advantage in her husband's music. Her expression, grace, and refinement in the pianoforte quartet could not have been surpassed. The executants in the stringed quartet were Messrs. Deichmann, Carrodus, Goffrie, and Haussmann; and in the pianoforte quartet, Mad. Schumann, Messrs. Deichmann, Goffrie, and Haussmann. The second part was miscellaneous, and comprised a solo on the violin by Signor Sighicelli, which was encored, and the "Carnaval de Venise" substituted; ditto on the pianoforte by Mr. Silas, with songs by Mdle. Emilie Krall, Herr Von der Osten, and Signor Lorenzo. Signor Lorenzo gave Balle's "First Kiss" (in Italian), and Rossini's "Tarantella" with excellent effect. The conductors were Herr Ganz and Signor Fiori, and Mr. A. Gollmick was president of the evening.

SIGNOR BIANCHI gave his first evening concert in London, before a crowded audience on the 17th instant, at the Beethoven Rooms, when he proved himself a skilful pianist and a tasteful composer. The concert began with a trio of Mayseider, executed by Sig. Bianchi, M. Paque, and Mr. Blagrove. Besides this, Sig. Bianchi played Willmers' *Hirondelles*, and two compositions of his own. His *fantasia* on *La Sonnambula* pleased very much; but the greatest success was obtained by his *Caprice de Concert*, a very elegant piece. A duo with his sister, Miss Elisa Bianchi, was warmly applauded, and did great credit to the lady, as well as her master, Sig. Bianchi. Among the *artistes* who co-operated in the concert, we will mention M. Paque, Mr. Blagrove, and Sig.

Regondi, who most distinguished themselves. The programme was not strictly adhered to, which must have puzzled those who tried to follow the printed guide.

Mdlle. HELOISE D'HERBIL, a young Spanish pianist, stated to be under eight years of age, gave a concert on Friday morning in the Hanover Square Rooms, assisted by Mad. Viardot, Mad. Bernardi, Mr. Swift, M. Gassier, Signori Albicini and Pierini, as vocalists; and, as instrumentalists, Mr. Benedict, who played a duet on the pianoforte with Mdlle. D'Herbil, Mdlle. Tornborg, flute; Mr. Case, concertina; and M. Remenyi, violin. Mdlle. D'Herbil has much improved since she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre last season. She plays with greater intelligence, her scales are more sure, and her phrasing more elegant; in short, the young pianist bids fair, if judiciously treated, to arrive in time at a high position in her profession. The pieces played by Mdlle. D'Herbert on Friday were a duet on airs from the *Fille du Regiment*, and Schulhoff's *Carnivale di Venezia*. She also accompanied Mad. Bernardi—a lady with a mezzo soprano voice—in a *cantata* by M. Raudegger, which was encored. The other points in the concert were a Spanish song, by Madame Viardot, Schirass "Versatemi del vino," by Mr. Swift and M. Gassier; an aria of Mercadante, by M. Gassier; an aria from *Don Pasquale*, by Signor Pierini; "Fra Poco" (*Lucia*), by Signor Albicini; a fantasia on the flute, by Mdlle. Tornborg; and a solo on the concertina by Mr. Case. The vocal music was accompanied by Mr. Raudegger and Sig. Fossi.

ON THE RELATIONSHIP OF MUSIC TO THE OTHER FINE ARTS.

(Continued from page 372.)

WITHIN every creature that a beneficent Creator has called to existence, he has also implanted a feeling of pleasure in that existence—a sustained, healthy, and abiding joy, not traceable to any one of the prominent worldly incitements of that emotion, but the genial result of the exquisite adaptability of the creature to all the surrounding influences in creation;—the fervent and deep-seated rapture of life, which at times may appear to be warped by misfortune, whilst, in truth, it is that which softens adversity, and that can only become totally eradicated and benumbed by sin.

In inferior animals this pleasure in simply being is rendered apparent solely by the general character of their outward demeanour—as by the fluttering ecstasy of the bird of the air as it sings or flies, or by the calm placidity and contentment of the beast of the earth—calm, complacent, and comfortable, even to gracefulness. But when this great principle of harmony, arising from the adaptability of nature within to nature without, is not entirely left to the tardy response of the grosser animal faculties, when it is more acutely perceived and more vividly felt by aid of the bright light of human reason—when the eloquent and overwhelming influences in surrounding nature realize their adaptability to man's moral, as well as to his physical being, then a far deeper and more intelligent rapture is created, and by far more fervent, lofty, and spiritual is the expression thereof; for it is this expression that is the name for all that mental and moral phenomena which throughout the history of the world has ever exalted and rendered glorious the existence of the human race. It is the ardent spiritual glow, aroused by the hallowed influences in surrounding nature striking the expectant and attuned senses of the breast of man, that has charged his whole nature with that ennobling restlessness, that aspiring energy and intellectual desire which has incited him to the pursuit of knowledge, which has warned him to pour forth the appeals of art, which has moulded his judgment to the love of virtue, and which has assisted his consciousness in the reception of religion.

When we consider how variously beautiful and different in character are the things that providence has ordained shall influence mankind, how comprehensive is the extent of human

faculties appealed to—how limited the extent allotted to one man—and how this extent thus allotted may be not only of a different character in different natures, but of a greater or a lesser intensity where it is of the same character, we shall not find it difficult to account for the many different phases that the expressions of human emotions, thus aroused, assumed; nor for the different degrees of intensity and impressiveness possessed by expressions belonging to the same phase.

In my last paper I observed that a work of art was the imparting to others an inward rapture, by artistically reproducing before them the influences that kindled such rapture, and thus awakening in them a feeling of a like nature.

Now when, through a certain comprehensiveness of appreciation in the beholder, this rapture becomes compound in constitution (that is, when it is kindled by influences of a varied character), it will be seen that by those arts whose expressions are strictly definite and externally imitative, such rapture cannot be wholly uttered in one grand and simultaneous appeal, because, by such arts, influences of a varied character cannot be reproduced simultaneously and in the same work; thus, neither by the painter nor the descriptive poet, can the wild horror of the tempest and the mild beauty of the calm be represented simultaneously; consequently, however abounding may be the nature of the inward glow in the artist, by such arts, it cannot be revealed wholly and immediately in all its original fulness and grandeur, but must undergo division and be produced in detail.

If I have been somewhat tardy in introducing into this paper that art for the consideration of which I took up my pen; if of all the fine arts to which I refer I mention music the last; it is that I may now usher her into the reader's presence with the peculiar glory of being adapted to express in one simultaneous appeal that comprehensive internal grandeur of feeling kindled in a great nature by the mingled eloquence of all the exalting influences that beam around him.

The reason of this is, that by the externally imitative arts certain influences are reproduced by representing those influences as they occur in nature; consequently those only can be displayed at the same time whose simultaneous presence is in accordance with natural propriety and physical law; whilst, on the other hand, the musician, in imparting certain emotions, being free from the necessity of reproducing the influences of such emotions (but relying more for expression in a direct appeal from the emotion itself), is also free to exceed the limits that such a necessity, as before explained, entails. For although all impressions are given successively as the varied influences from the panorama of life affect us, still these impressions may exist within us simultaneously, and not only exist simultaneously, but become more deep and intense through this simultaneous existence; because all impressions received from certain points of the universe must become more faithful, clear, and vivid, when placed in immediate contrast with impressions received from other points. Thus the impression produced by a tempest must be more forcible within us when we still retain the impression produced by a calm; also, the impression produced by an act or word of kindness and affection must be more considerate and intelligent within us, whilst we still retain the impression produced by harshness and indifference. Now it is obvious, that an art that imparts impressions by representing in their original and natural form the first influences that excited those impressions, imparts these feelings as they were originally aroused, that is, successively; whilst an art that needs not to follow each impression to its separate influence in external nature, but possesses a language subtle and refined enough to throw the inward impression direct to the regarader, and imbue him with it, I say such an art, and music is one, can impart the above-mentioned combination of impressions—the emotions that have been deepened and vivified by contrast—that have been corrected, elevated, and extended by the judgment,—I say that music can impart this vague ecstasy in one appropriate and immediate effort.

(To be continued.)

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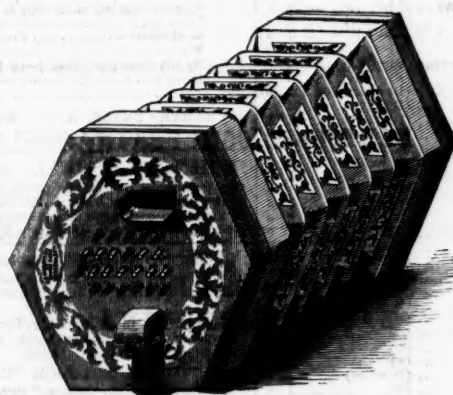
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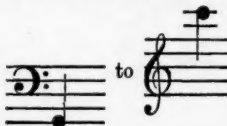
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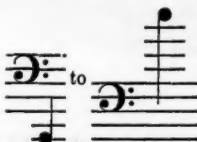
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